

Legacy

by kitty-ray

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Summary: Steampunk Pirate AU. Who would've thought that the son of Hawkmoth (the most influential power in all of Europe) would be the one to rebel against him? The one that was willing to overthrow him no matter the cost? The one to become the thing that he hates the most: a pirate? Marinette did. Oh boy, she did. Adrienette, DJWifi, others.

1. Sky

****Kitty: New Fandom, new story.****

****(Kitty doesn't own Miraculous Ladybug.)****

* * *

><p>If she had to decide, then jumping off would be the best option. It's better than being thrown into prison for the rest of her (short) life. She glanced down to her best option. Not too far of a fall, and if she was lucky enough, she probably wouldn't land on a rock. She checked which shoes what she was wearing. "Looks like I'd have to ruin my good boots," she muttered.

"It's over, Ladybug! Surrender now, and you'll receive a punishment far less than what you would receive otherwise!"

She rolled her eyes. Punishment this, punishment that. It's been the same spiel that they've heard since the very beginning. Over the years, they have learned how to dodge a few soldiers. Hell, just a couple of weeks ago she and her captain got out of the grasp of a dozen back in Nice. (She had to yet again save his butt. At this point, Ladybug was beginning to question who was the real captain.)

The wind blew behind her, and she smirked. "Okay," she said. The soldiers relaxed a little before tensing again. "I'll take the worse punishment." And then she jumped.

Her arms crossed behind her head as she watched the leading soldiers look after her, their shouts of surprise and anger following soon after. The air was cool against what little skin she decided to show in public. Any second now, he would-

"Are you falling for me, my lady?"

-catch her. Her captain's green eyes shined behind the black mask he wore as he gave her his cat-like grin. Ladybug rolled her eyes again. "Hardly, Captain. Put me down please."

"Aw, so soon? When do ever I get the honor of holding the illustrious Ladybug?" Captain Adrien Agreste (better known as Chat Noir to the world) wiggled his brows before setting his pilot down onto the top of the airship. Both looked up to the soldiers. A few had drawn their arrows and were aiming for them. The captain looked over to her. "Inside?"

"Inside." She agreed.

Slowly and unsteadily, they made their way to the entrance. The airship jerked just as her foot touched the first step. His arm went around her waist, and she glared at him. "Who's driving my ship? Chloé?"

"Actually, it's Nino. And he's driving my ship."

"You're not going to have a ship if-" the ship rocked as it hit some turbulence "-he keeps driving, Cap." Again, the ship rocked, and she grabbed onto his arm when she thought that she was about to fall. If anyone saw the brave Ladybug clutching onto the arm of her captain in fear, they would never believe it. But this wasn't Ladybug. Within their ship, she was more Marinette, the clumsy air pilot that was terrified when someone else drove her ship. (And the girl who may or may not have a small crush on her captain, but she'd never admit it to him. Ever.)

Adrien smiled and steadied her. "Careful, my lady. It'd be a cat-astrophe if my pilot got hurt." He laughed when she hit his chest. "Please. Can you be a little more Adrien and a little less Chat Noir?"

"Only if you'll be a little more Marinette."

The girl blushed then stepped away from him. Her arms crossed over her chest. "On second thought, continue with being Chat."

He frowned. For as long as he could remember, his pilot never liked to show anyone her real self except for Alya. He's seen it before once or twice, but it never stays for long. Ladybug maybe what caught his attention, but Marinette was what made him want more. If that made any sense.

When she stumbled again, he grabbed her shoulders before wrapping his arm around them. "Here." They started to walk again. "Wanna use each

other before we can kick Nino out of the chair?" Marinette nodded then squeaked when Nino sharply turned to airship. They shared a look.

It took longer than it should have to reach the cockpit, and the two couldn't be more relieved when they did. Adrien watched as his pilot practically ran to her seat and shove the poor boy out of it.

"_Paw-lease _never steer again! I nearly tossed up my lunch from all the rocking!" She shouted. He smirked at the unintentional pun. Within the past four years, his Chat side rubbed off on her, the puns becoming more and more frequent without her realizing it. Occasionally, she would notice and yell at him for using them too much. But he always noticed the blush on her cheeks when she turned away. It made him want to do it more.

"Hey, hey, Miss Ladybug! Your Chat side is coming out again!" Nino grinned when she glared at him then walked over to the captain. His elbow nudged his arm. "Teaching her your ways, eh?"

"You know it." The two laughed but quieted down when Marinette shot another glare over her shoulder. "Nino, aren't you suppose to be helping Rose with the guns? I'm sure she could use your help down there."

Nino scratched his head before moving his goggles down onto his eyes. He winked then spun around, his metal boots clanking against the floor as he walked towards the door. "Alright, alright, I'm going. Don't want Rose to blow herself up, do ya? Where would we be without our weapons specialist?"

"Stuck with you." Marinette muttered, though the gunner had already shut the door before he could hear her. Impressed, Adrien walked over to the captain's chair and sat down, his ankle crossing over his knee as he leaned against the arm. This was one of his favorite things to do: watch the skies as she moved the airship almost effortlessly. It never failed to amaze him how she could keep her head on her neck whenever she dealt with the stressful situations they went through. From battling with the army to just trying to get out of the air in a storm, his pilot and best friend always managed to be the calm side of him. He often asked himself whether or not he should just hand the reins to her.

Then again, she'd probably kick him to Timbuktu if he offered it to her again. (The last time he did, she yelled at him for nearly an hour about how 'the crew sees him and only him as their captain' and how it was 'incredibly irresponsible it was to offer such a thing to her'. He saw no wrong in asking despite her reprimands.)

"Where to, Cap?" She asked, jarring him out of his thoughts. Adrien watched as she turned around slightly to look at him. "Considering we just got kicked out of this lovely town, we should probably go somewhere else for supplies."

Adrien drew his eyes from her and brought them to the map he kept on the wall. They rarely ever traveled out of Europe, and they probably wouldn't make it too far with the amount of fuel they have now, so the other continents were definitely out. The destination had to be within the next few hours. Sighing through his nose, the captain twiddled with one of the golden buttons on his jacket. _Where to, where to? _He thought.

Deciding, he asked, "How's London this time of year?"

He could hear the smile in her voice and smiled also when he heard her reply. "I need some new shoes anyways."

* * *

><p>London, right after Paris, was her favorite place to get shoes. There was a designer in the city that she knew, and since she was close to them, her connections grew wider just by association. Marinette's smile never faltered during their flight to the wonderful city. Just the thought of going there made her happy.<p>

At some point, Alya came waltzing in, her face smeared in the oil from working on one of the many inventions of hers. She sat down next to Marinette and watched the sky through the large windows while slowly rubbing out her sore shoulder. "Where we headin'?" She asked, her head lolling onto the pilot's leg. Her goggles were pushed up onto her head, keeping her messy red hair out of her eyes.

Marinette briefly looked down. She took off one hand to flex her fingers before placing it back on. "London, Alya. Time to get those new shoes I've been talking about."

Her crewmate looked behind them to their captain. He had fallen asleep at one point, clearly exhausted from the night before. While she had been given the chance to sleep, he had stayed up as they waited for their target to leave the inn. It was a wonder how he managed to stay awake while she could barely keep her head up.

"Got some bad news, girl," Alya said as she stretched her legs. There was a popping sound coming from her knees. "Looks like this ol' rust bucket ain't gonna last much longah. There are too many parts that need to be replaced in the engine, water heatah won't work any mahr, pipes are rustin' too much. Be cheapah to get a new ship then try and fix all 'em problems."

Alya, even though she was probably one of the smartest people on the ship, didn't bother to keep up with proper grammar or finishing her words when she was tired. Her 'r's' were often dropped, an old childhood habit she apparently had. All results of growing up a pirate. Adrien liked to call it her "Lazy Wifi" side.

"Do we have enough for a new ship?"

"Dunno. We'd need one that can withstand the sky and canons and stuff. Should have at least fourteen, fifteen bedrooms fo' the crew. I'd like a bathroom on the sip. Tired o' havin' to go to an inn fo' a damn showah. Half the time they barely let me in!" Alya leaned back onto her arms. "I know a guy in Livahpool that might be willin' to sell us a nice 'un for cheap. 'S not too far from London, now is it?"

Marinette shook her head. Even though she doesn't want to admit it, the ship had been losing one too many battles lately. Repairing it had taken more time than actually flying it. Sighing, the pilot turned the ship slightly. "How much longer does this baby have?"

"Honestly? 'Bout a week. Two at most. Alix, Max, and I are trying everything we can to keep it goin', but it ain't gonna last."

"Who's this guy in Liverpool you've been talking about?" Adrien asked, startling both of the girls. There was a clank as he set down his foot. "And how much is he going to charge us?"

Alya was silent for a moment, her golden eyes focused on something on the ceiling. She popped her knuckles. "If we're lucky, fahrty-fahr grand. He'll charge mahr if we don't know how to bargain. But," she played with her choker, "pirates _always _know how to bargain."

* * *

><p>It never failed to amaze her how a team of three mechanics (one a computer genius) always managed to hide their obvious airship from the authorities in the most obvious places. Somehow, Max had built a cloaking device prototype within the first week of him on the ship. It helped hide it when they were docking for various reasons. So when Marinette turned around to see the ship invisible, her mouth just wouldn't close.<p>

"Close your mouth or you'll catch flies," Alya said as she pushed her jaw up. "You've been seeing this for three years. One would think you would be use to it by now."

"Science never fails to amaze even the simplest of minds." Max called out. Kim and Alix were right behind him, helping him finish in whatever way they could. The bright green of Alix's sleeves and boots could blind Marinette if they weren't dulled out by the black shorts and shirt. She, like Alya, kept her goggles on top of her head. Though at this point, the pilot was beginning to think they were doing for fashion purposes rather than convenience.

"Back in London! Oh Daddy would take me all the time to shop. Don't you just love it, Sabrina?"

Chloë's voice never failed to aggravate her, and no matter how hard they tried, they just couldn't get rid of her. She was only meant to stay with them until the ransom was paid, but then her father said that there was not enough money to pay the 'enormous amount' they were demanding. Really, it was only a couple hundred euros. Though the mayor's daughter never said anything about, Marinette knew that she knew that her father was basically saying: "Here, have her! I can't deal with her anymore!" She's been with them ever since.

An arm rested on her shoulder, and she looked up to see her captain. Sometime during the landing he put on the ridiculous captain's hat that he insisted on wearing. She leaned into him. "Do we _have _to bring her with us?"

Adrien looked down at her. "Would you rather her stay on the ship and screw something up?" He asked, and she shook her head. "I don't want to take her either, but you and I both know she's a pretty damn good negotiator. Besides, now you have a shopping buddy!"

"I'd rather listen to your terrible cat puns than her talk about how 'Daddy and I did this' or 'Daddy and I did that'." The girl reached up and adjusted her black hat, her long hair twisted into a low bun on the side of her head. Sucking in a breath, she pulled away.

"Remind me why I decided to wear a corset."

The arm moved to her waist, and fingers fiddled with the chains on the side of the corset. Adrien looked towards the other girls. "Because you're a girl and the girls have to wear those stupid death traps in this stupid town." The fingers kept messing with the chains as he watched Nino cleaned Alya's goggles for her while she shifted the light purple corset a little higher. Chloë was the only girl going to town that seemed comfortable in one. The dark blue matched not only her tiny hat but also her bustle. It was insane how she could walk in that.

Marinette removed his hand before turning towards him. "Who's all going? You and I are, obviously. And Alya. And," her nose scrunched up, "Chloë." Her captain rocked on his heels as he told her no one else was going. He grinned when he saw her confused face. "It's probably best that we act like Chloë's handmaidens and bodyguard of sorts."

She snorted. Reaching up, she took off his hat and smoothed his hair. The jacket was next. "We're not going to pass as any of that. Especially with this hat. Let's just say we're looking for supplies and she's a pretentious heiress looking for some jewels for her jewelry box. Like always."

His green eyes met hers, smiling gently along with him. It was the moments like these that made her insides jelly. When it wasn't just Adrien but Chat as well, the two sides mixing together to become one. When he didn't say anything and just looked. When everyone else really did fade away and it was just them and their inside jokes.

Of course, there was always someone to interrupt. Marinette retracted her hands and wiped them across the red pants she wore as Ladybug. Sweat. She hated sweat. It's one reason why she liked to stay in the cockpit more than any other area of the ship. (It's the coldest besides the deck.)

Grinning the Cheshire's grin, Alya sauntered over to the two with her hands on her hips. The long black side of her skirt rustled as she walked. As Lady Wifi, Alya wore a black shirt like Marinette, though the puffy sleeves were white. She had a frilly and short white skirt with some black fabric draped over one side and more under neath. To make sure she didn't show her legs, she always-_always-_wore black stockings. Two white belts were draped over her chest to keep her corset up and to hold whatever weapon she decided to keep on her back. Marinette had envied her killer looks since day one.

"Well, lovebirds," her hands clasped both of their shoulders, "let's get going. Chloë's already buggin' me about leavin'. CHLOË! WE'RE LEAVIN' NOW! GET YOUR ARSE OVER HERE!"

Blushing, the pilot walked away from her crew mates and towards the city. She crossed her arms. "Come on. It's a thirty minute walk to LC to, and I want to be back before it gets dark." Marinette heard them catch up with her and ducked her head a little. She wasn't in the mood for any puns.

Adrien bumped her shoulder with his. She didn't look up at him, causing him to frown. "What's wrong, princess? _Chat _got your tongue?" Puns somehow always managed to get her attention, but it

didn't this time. Frowning, he looked towards the city they were heading to. It made sense now. Marinette, no matter how much she loved the city, was always nervous to go. Her parents moved to London after she joined him (secretly, of course). They have no idea how, where, or who she was, so going to London potentially puts them in danger. He pouted. "We can go there if you like. Just you and me."

"No," she shook her head. "It'd be better if they didn't see me. Besides, it's mid-day. The bakery is probably full of people, and I don't want to ruin their groove." She smiled. "Thanks though."

He watched her as she walked over to Alya, the two beginning to chat animatedly about some artist that lived there. Chloë was there as well, but she didn't pay any attention. She was too busy with her skirts.

He looked down to his silver ring. It was his grandfather's before he passed on. His mother, a day or two after his death, had given it to him and told him to take good care of it, that it was special. He wasn't sure why it was at the time, but now he does. Always take care of things that are special to you. Glancing over to Marinette, Adrien felt himself smile. He had an idea.

2. City

She's been drunk. She's been hammered. But she's never been so drunk to the point where she confesses her undying love for her captain and anyone and everyone within a three mile radius. Though, there has been that one time that she tried to seduce Adrien by dragging him to her cabin and undressing right in front of him. That ended up with her being only in her undergarments and him without a shirt. To say she was surprised the next morning was an understatement.

Marinette jumped as a drunk man was thrown at the wall next to her and quickly stepped away from the line of fire. "Animals," she muttered before following Adrien to the bar. He leaned onto it, his smirk stretching across his face as he tapped his fingers against the wood. He seemed like he belonged in this kind of place. A scruffy, sky loving pirate that was willing to drink his weight in booze in the middle of the day and not caring what people thought of him. The kind that could kill you without hesitating and not feel a single regret about it. So unlike the timid prince that she had met so many years ago. Back then, he didn't even want to carry a gun. Now, he wouldn't go anywhere without one. She wondered when the change happened, when he became someone else without her even realizing it. Was it the first life taken? Or was it when they failed to save those people from the mercenaries? Perhaps the change was a gradual, hidden one that eventually made its way to the surface. Marinette looked at the liquor behind the counter. Just how much had she changed as well?

"May I get a whiskey, Miss Tikki?" He asked the barmaid, and she whipped around so fast that Marinette was concerned how she didn't fall in those heels. A smile crept upon the redhead's face as she slammed her hands on the bar. "I was wondering when I'd see you two again! Long time no see!" Her purple eyes spotted the two behind them. "And you brought friends. Come, come. I'm sure Plagg would be ecstatic to get away from the other customers."

Tikki was a tall woman with soft red curls and the body to match. She wore loose dresses no matter where she went, and she never ever showed her ankles. "I don't care if it's 2124, I'm not showing my ankles to anyone but my husband." She had once told Marinette when she asked her one day. For Tikki, ankles were a sacred and intimate part of her body that only her husband could see. She didn't shun women who didn't believe what she did, unlike others who were raised in the same area as she was. Marinette had to give it to her; coming to an entirely different culture and still keeping up with your beliefs was hard in this day and age.

"I don't care if you have thirty crew members! I just want your damn money!"

Plagg was an entirely different story from his wife. Growing up on the streets made him appreciate certain things in life, like cheese and money. He was still greedy, but he only showed it when the customer would deny him money. Like this moment when some man with a jagged scar across his eye wouldn't give him the money he needed.

"Give me the damn supplies, drunkard, or I'll put a bullet in your head." A gun cocking added to the threat, but the dark skinned man just stood there with his arms crossed. He yawned. "Listen, Goldfeather. I've had my fair share of threats, many of which included death. I'm not afraid of you," he took two fingers and moved the gun away from his head, "or your gun. So give me the money, and you'll get your supplies."

Goldfeather stood still for a few moments before digging into his pocket. He grumbled as he handed Plagg the cash to pay for it. Of course everyone heard of Goldfeather, the terror of the seas. The Miraculous's domain and the Mad Sparrow's were two different things, so they fortunately never crossed paths. That doesn't mean they weren't afraid to meet him in real life.

The group stayed quiet until Goldfeather and his first mate left with their supplies. Marinette waited for Adrien to make the first move, staying behind him on his right while the other two were on his left. He wouldn't have it any other way. Once, Chloé tried to move to his right, but he promptly told her that no one but Marinette could stand on his right. Pride swelled in her chest at the memory, and she stood a little taller. The subtle movement was definitely caught by Adrien's eye.

"Well, well, well. Ain't it Chat Noir and Ladybug." Plagg placed the cigarette in his mouth, drawing in a breath. "Back again for some of my stuff, huh? Whatcha need?"

Adrien smiled. "Food. Ammo. Enough fuel to get us to Liverpool. That really good whiskey you gave us the last time. One of my crew got into the supplies and drank it all up." She elbowed his side gently to remind him just who broke in. (It was a celebration of a birthday, no one else was around, and you got to celebrate turning nineteen!) Plagg's brow furrowed. "Liverpool. The hell you goin' there for? Nothing there but scammers."

Her captain's smile diminished, and he scratched his neck. She moved closer to him, not where it was entirely obvious but enough to be

subtly pressed against his arm. He noticed. "The ship's going down. According to our lead mechanic," he pointed to Alya, "she's not going to last more than a week. We're gonna have to get a new one before we can even think about going to China." Plagg nodded at this and glanced at his wife. He took out the cigarette. "Damn, if you need a ship, I got plenty. Few miles away from the city. Close to the water. Come see me tomorrow, and I'll give you a good one." Patting his back, the dealer turned towards some box holding random supplies.

"Really, Plagg? You'll really do that for us?" Marinette asked. In any other situation, she wouldn't open her mouth. But Plagg and Tikki were different. They were like family to her and Adrien, becoming pseudo-parents when both were afraid to talk to their real ones. Plagg didn't turn around, but she knew he was smiling. "Yeah, I will. Gotta keep my best customers happy." A green eye was visible as he turned his head slightly. "When you come to the warehouse, I'll give you your supplies. Now get!" Translation: Take care.

Adrien's arm moved around her shoulders as Tikki led the four back upstairs. "Looks like we didn't need Chloë after all," he whispered in her ear. She hit his chest playfully. "I could've told you that!" They laughed, and when said blonde turned around to glare at them, they laughed even harder. She huffed, her blonde ponytail swishing as she held her head higher. Making fun of Chloë was a favorite pastime of Marinette's, though she knew when she went too far. This was not one of those times.

The bar grew rowdier since they initially went downstairs. It was to be expected at this time of day. Excusing herself, Tikki went back to the bar to start serving the men. Marinette never worried for her too much; she knew that she could handle a few drunken men on her own.

A few giggles drew Marinette's attention to a couple of girls near the door. One had dark skin like Plagg, though her hair and blue eyes were anything but. Her left arm and fingers on her right hand were both prosthetic, the golden metal gleaming in the bar's dim lighting. The other was a lighter brown with beautiful coco hair and striking red eyes. She looked like she wanted to devour Adrien. Her red lips smirked, and she leaned onto her arm to give a better view of her chest. "Hello there, captain. Wanna little night of fun?" Her friend rolled her eyes and took a drink. Adrien, completely oblivious to all women that were not Marinette, just smiled politely and shook his head. His arm moved lower. "No thanks. She's all I need." Lie, but they don't need to know that.

The woman pouted. "Awe, come on. August and I can show you a really good time."

"Clair... " Marinette heard the other whisper.

Marinette felt a little smug when Adrien pulled her closer as he told them kindly and politely to 'fuck off'. Her ever growing feelings were getting slightly harder to suppress now, and this didn't really help her cause. Clair pouted then reached up to fix her hair. "Okay," she drawled. "You're obviously not looking for a good time. What about a medic? I know my way around a wound or two." She pulled out a card from the bag next to her and handed it to Marinette. It was like she was asking for permission or something. "Name's Clair Holland, and this is-"

"August Sinclair. Her half sister and a pretty damn good gunner." She glared at her sister before looking back at them. "If you don't need extra help, fine by us. Just look us up when you do. We'll be here."

Already, Marinette didn't like these girls. First flirting, next asking for jobs? Not the best first impressions. But Adrien smiled and nodded before practically dragging the pilot out of the bar before she could jump. Chloé and Alya were waiting impatiently for them already. The former was tapping her foot and pouting by the time they walked out. Her eyes narrowed. "Well, it's about time you two stopped snogging and came out here! Do you know how many guys tried to 'pick us up' within the last three minutes? Hmm? Four. Four! Alya and I just couldn't catch a break! Where did all the feminism and no to catcalling go? It's like men have a switch that makes them..."

Her mouth snapped shut as she angrily glared at a man for rubbing her the wrong way. Immediately, he took his hand off of her shoulder and shrunk away. She huffed. "Drunken men..."

Adrien shook his head at the girl and looked down. His arm hadn't moved from her waist, and to be completely honest, he didn't want to. But there was something he had to do. Something Mari couldn't go with him to do.

"As much as I hate to leave you, my lady," he pulled his arm away, "there is something I must do." She turned to him, blue eyes sparkling in the street lamps' yellow glow, and he almost kissed her right then and then. He gulped. "S-see you guys back here in one hour. Don't spend all of our money." Then he walked away before any of them could say anything.

London, like most of the European countries, had kept it's architecture looking the same exact way it had been for the past two hundred years. The London Eye still stood, as did Big Ben and Buckingham Palace. Across River Thames was where all the new fashion shops and mechanics and other things that they often frequented. The girls will be going over there, he thought. That's where I need to be, too. G-d, I hope I don't run into them.

Adrien's eyes shifted between the people on walking past him before he walked across the cobble stone. A car, modeled after the Model-T but with all the recent technology, whizzed behind him. He picked up the pace. The sunset had started to become yellow by now, and he had to get there before the jobs released and people came out. It was already crowded at this time of day. He'd hate to see just how crowded it could become. With a look behind him, Adrien shoved his hands in his pockets and began his trek across the bridge.

It was pink by the time he made it to the other side. Cursing, he dodged a person on a bike, grumbling something about damn pedestrians. The bike hit a bump, and nearly all of the contents of the biker's basket fell out. Adrien snickered. "That's what you get," he muttered before running over to him. The captain softened his face, bending down to pick up the paintbrushes for the stranger. "Here." He handed them to the man. "Careful."

The redhead looked at the brushes before taking them, nodding shyly.

"Th-thanks. Sorry about almost hitting you." He stuffed them in a leather bag. "I'm Nathaniël."

"Call me Captain. Captain Chat Noir." Adrien winked.

When Nathaniël's eyes widened, he placed a gloved hand over his mouth and shushed him. A smirk made its way onto his face. "Shh. Can't be riling everyone up. Say," he glanced over to Big Ben, "can you tell me where a certain French bakery is? I'm looking for my friend's present, but I got lost." His brows wiggled. "I'm not exactly from around here, you know."

The boy blinked before nodding. He gripped the bike's handle tightly as Adrien released his mouth and wrapped an arm around his shoulder. He was a jittery fellow, jumping when someone mentioned the word 'pirate' and always looking behind his shoulder. He gripped the strap of his bag tightly. For some reason, he reminded Adrien of someone he once knew. Someone who would always be weary of his surroundings. Someone like me.

"So, um," Nathaniël began. His hair covered his eyes. "Wh-what exactly is this bakery called. I can't help you if I don't know it." Adrien looked at him. Did he really forget to tell him the name? Of course he did. If Marinette's not around, he tended to be a bit forgetful. Grinning, he took his arm away and looked at the clock. Quarter to seven. Thirty minutes left. "Why, Nathaniël, we're going to the best bakery around." His eyes cut to the boy. "Boulangerie."

She'd kill him if she found out where he was. Still, Adrien couldn't care what his lady would think. He was, after all, doing it for her. No matter what she said, she was still worrying about her family everyday, and he had to do something to appease her mind. So that was why Adrien was standing outside of her parent's bakery with an artist who looked like he was about to cry if someone touched him. I think I'll keep him, Adrien had thought to himself. He did seem like he would be useful somehow. Maybe he could make maps for them. If he knows how to cook, he'd just put the poor boy in the kitchen with Mylène. Shaking his head, Adrien grabbed Nathaniël (whom he dubbed Nath for now) and walked into the bakery.

The last time he was in her parent's shop was back in Paris, when they were first about to close and move. It had a lovely smell to it, chocolate and croissants and other pastries that made Adrien's mouth water. He had amazing desserts back in the palace, but they were nothing compared to those made by those who cared. He smiled. Hopefully, neither of the Dupain-Chengs recognize him.

"Oh, hello!" The sweet voice interrupted his thoughts, and he was taken aback by how much it sounded like his lady's. His eyes found her copy's. "You don't look like you're from around here. What may I get you?"

Blinking, Adrien fought his blush and walked up to the counter. There were all kinds of sweets-cupcakes, cakes, quiches. They even had macarons. He smiled and, in perfect French, asked, "Do you have any chocolate? My pilot adores it. It's her birthday soon, so I want to get her a gift." Lie. Her birthday was two months ago, but he wasn't able to get her a present. The crew was too busy trying to live to celebrate.

Her eyes widened before she giggled. Her hand went up to her mouth. Just like Mari's, he thought as he fixed his mask. A smile-not a grin-stretched as she continued to laugh. It reminded him so much of Marinette, and his heart ached when she flashed through his mind. The sadness she must be feeling everyday must be unbearable. He wouldn't know; his father wasn't much for family matters when he was around. Shooing the thoughts away, the captain glanced at Nath to make sure he was still there before tucking his hands behind his back. "Is something wrong, Madame? I didn't mean to offend you, if I did."

Sabine just waved her hand before reaching down for a box. "No, no, you didn't. It's just..." She giggled again. "It's been so long since I've heard someone speak French. We-my husband and I-have been living here since our daughter disappeared, and most people only speak English. I was just surprised." Her gray eyes shined as she walked over to the chocolate. Suddenly, he was glad that they were the only people there. Cautiously, so not to say something offensive, he prodded. "Your daughter disappeared?"

"Yes," she said. He didn't fail to notice the way her word broke a little. Sabine didn't quite meet his gaze as she continued. "Around four years ago, just after her fifteenth birthday, our daughter just... Disappeared. We figured that she ran off with that boy she met. She was always ambitious, wanting to see the world for what it truly was and to try and make the world a better place." A sad smile spread across her lips. "I hope that wherever she is, whatever she is doing, that she is safe and happy. That's all I want."

He placed a hand on top of hers. "I'm sure she is."

The woman sniffed, wiped her eyes, then smiled. Her voice was still cracking as she said, "I hope so." Her gray eyes were smiling still. "Enough about my family. You came for some treats." She tied a ribbon around the box then slid it over to him. He noticed the scar on her right hand, one he knew how she got. According to Marinette, she had burned herself right after her wedding, a couple of weeks after becoming an official baker's wife. She wore the scar proudly, he noticed, as she rang up the chocolate. "Anything else?" She asked.

"No thank you. This will be all."

With a smile, he grabbed the box and turned towards the door, his hand grabbing Nath's arm to take the boy with him. He complied. Adrien smirked and shook his head. Looks like we have new crew member.

"Young man!" Sabine called out, gaining his attention. He turned to her, his green eyes looking for any sign of distress. None. Instead, she was smiling softly. "Do you think that she regrets it? Leaving, I mean." Her eyes were full of hope. For a second, just for one itty, bitty second, Adrien was sure that she knew who he was. The one who caused the pain. The one who took her daughter. The one who fell hopelessly in love with her and just had to have her with him for the rest of his life, even if that meant taking her away. But then she smiled, and the hope spread throughout her face, and there was not a single inkling of recognition anywhere. So he smiled. "I think, by the way you described her, that there is not a day that goes by that

she doesn't think about you. But I also think that she was glad she left to do the thing she wanted to do the most."

The door was halfway open when she said, "She always did want to be a pilot," but he was already out before he could hear her.

"How many times do I have to tell you? You can't just bring random people from the street and expect them to be part of your crew!"

Marinette shook her head and threw her hands up. If she had a thousand dollars for every time he did that, she'd have at least twelve thousand now. "Damn it, Cap. What if he doesn't want to come? How do you know he won't go to the authorities?" She watched as he pinched the poor boy's cheeks. He was redder than a tomato as Adrien puffed his lips up. "But he's so cute! And I bet he has a lot of skills he can offer!"

"Ex-excuse me. I'd appreciate it if you d-don't talk about me like I'm not here."

Her gaze moved to the boy in question, and she sighed. A small, apologetic smile spread across her face. "Sorry. I'm just trying to remind my captain that he can't bring in people willy-nilly." She noticed Adrien shift as he looked away, his lips forming in a pout. She couldn't help thinking that she wanted to kiss him when he made that face. Turning her attention back to the boy, she held out her hand. "Ladybug. That's Lady Wifi," she nodded to Alya then Chloé, "and that's Chloé. She's just along for the ride." Her hand stayed in the air. "What's your name?"

The boy blushed as he took it. As soon as he retracted his hand, it went to his leather strap. She wondered what was in there. "Nathaniel." His hair covered his eyes as he looked down. "L-look. I'm just a simple artist. There's no reason for you to take me with you."

Adrien's and Marinette's eyes met, and with one look, they both knew what the other was thinking. They grinned together. "Actually," Adrien said, "that is a perfect reason to want you. We need someone to make a little propaganda for us. No offense, Chloé, but what you've been making isn't that good." The blonde just huffed and rolled her eyes, turning around as she did. "Whatever. I'm going to dinner." Her boots clanked against the metal staircase behind them. The sound disappeared as soon as it came.

Nathaniel shrunk under their gaze. Marinette would've felt bad for him if it weren't for the need to have a propaganda artist on board. Their cause needed to be known for all who thought like them, all those who were tired of being under the pressing thumb of Gabriel Agreste, all those tired of the monarchy. Europe needed a leader that wasn't just on the throne for personal gain. It didn't need a tyrant ruling it. It didn't need the corruption that buried itself deep down into the roots. It needed salvation, hope, and justice.

It needed her captain.

She asked him once why he didn't stay in the palace and waited until his coronation before making the changes. All he did was shake his head. "If I had stayed, my father would still be pulling the strings,

and my council would be right along side him. It wouldn't matter what I would do; I wouldn't be able to change a thing," he told her one night when it was just the two of them. The stars were particularly beautiful then. She could still remember the soft look he gave her as he explained. "I want my people to trust me because they can, not because they have to do it. They shouldn't live in fear of when I would break. Sooner or later, they would rebel like us and throw me out. They'd throw Europe into an even worse state of chaos. That is not a world I want to see." She understood then the same way she understood now. He wanted to earn the right to rule, not have it thrust upon him.

Nathaniël's cry drew her out of her reverie. "Y-you want me to do wh-what?" Adrien gave her an exasperated look before he replied. "I just want you to come on board and work for us by making our purpose known. Geez, it's not that hard to understand!"

"Work for pirates? For-for criminals!"

"We're not necessarily criminals," she said, her grin stretching and her arms crossing over each other, "but we're not exactly innocent either. We go around doing the work that others can't. Or rather, won't." She leaned forward a little and softened her smile. "We don't pay much, and we can't guarantee your safety, but we are doing this for a good cause."

Adrien had rested his arm on her shoulder by now, looking proud as she explained everything to the boy. She straightened up a little at the attention. "We'll be here until sunset tomorrow. If you don't come, then we have your answer. But do know," his expression turned serious, "if you rat us out, there will be hell to pay. Got it?" He nodded furiously, and her captain smiled. Marinette found herself unable to look away. Her heart pounded against her chest when he glanced at her. "Good. See you, Nath."

His arm had lowered itself to some place around her waist. At this point, she couldn't be bothered to call him out on it. Tightening her grip on her new clothes' bags, she whispered, "Do you think he'll come?" Adrien kept his gaze forward. In this lighting, she couldn't tell if he was blushing or just warm from the summer's air. Perhaps it was both. "Of course he will. He's how I was when I first started. Eager for an adventure but doesn't know how to start one."

"I hope you're right." She kept her eyes on him. He winked. "My lady, when am I ever wrong?"

"Chat Noir! Ladybug!"

She hit his chest as he started to tell her 'told you so'. Both captain and pilot turned to look at the artist. His entire face was red, hair pushed back behind his ear and back as straight as a ruler. "Wh-what is your cause? I-I need to know!"

Adrien should be the one to answer this one, she thought. Marinette watched as his grin spread completely across his face. Her favorite one. Without moving away from her, he answered.

"We're going to overthrow the king."

3. Stars

****Kitty:** So, it turns out that this did not copy and paste like I wanted it to in the last chapter, but oh well. Chapter three!**

****(Kitty doesn't own Miraculous Ladybug.)****

* * *

><p>Dinner, as always, was eaten where ever the crew could fit themselves. Typically, they ate in the large cockpit. Ivan would carry in whatever MylÃ"ne cooked, Juleka and Rose would set up pillows everywhere so someone could sit comfortably, and Nino and Alya always entertained with their tales of old pirates' lore and their own experiences. Occasionally, they would eat outside under the stars. It all depended on where they were docked. Adrien smiled as he looked up at the gaseous balls in the skies. If he weren't a pirate or a prince, he'd probably study physics. Or maybe astronomy. He didn't have a preference.<p>

"He raised the knife up above his head and _slice!_" Nino poked Rose, scaring the poor girl. "The boy was dead before he could do a thing. Goldfeather had sliced his throat in his sleep. No one has tried to kill him since." He leaned back. "True story."

"I call bull!" Kim had slammed his metal bowl down. Some of his stew splashed on the floor. "Goldfeather has never harmed a soul, and you know it! I doubt you were even on his ship."

Nino leaned forward and frowned. "Are ya doubtin' my origins? I can shoot ya head off 'fore you could say 'bull'."

Kim smirked. He placed his elbows on his knees, hunched his shoulders, and slowly whispered, "Bull." His smirk fell off the moment Nino's gun was cocked against his forehead. A few of the crew members-including Alix, the poor boy's sort-of lover-snickered and shook their heads. It was one thing to doubt Nino's stories, but it was another to doubt his ability with a gun. Adrien folded his arms together. At some point, he should stop it. This was not that point.

A head leaned onto his shoulder, and he didn't have to look to know who it was. His head automatically rested on hers. "Kim's a dead man," she whispered. By the way she spoke, he could tell that she was about to pass out. (Someone has to learn to never give her too much alcohol of any kind, no matter what the occasion.) He laughed a little. Normally, she would never allow him to do what he was about to do. These were the times he was grateful that she couldn't hold her liquor. Green eyes watched her as he laced his fingers through hers, and they stayed to make sure that she wasn't uncomfortable. He was about to pull them away when she squeezed them back. Her head nestled a little bit more. "I'm tired."

"How much did you have?" He nearly groaned when she couldn't decide between three and four. He actually did when she held up five. "Oh, Mari. What am I ever going to do with?" Her blue eyes sparkled in the lights of the deck. She smiled. It wasn't her normal cocky one or the occasional awkward ones that she wore. It was drunk and a little sloppy and definitely weak. "Yer gonna keep me." She slurred. "'Cause

I'm yer pilot, and pilots fly, and you can't." Her fingers squeezed again. "I wanna fly."

Adrien looked at the crew. Nino had put his gun away, Kim looked like he pissed himself, and Alya was now telling her story of the legendary Executioner. None would be paying any attention to them. None would care if they left. They all would care if Marinette wasn't able to fly the ship out at the first sign of trouble. So he sighed, wrapped her arm around his shoulder, and stood up. This drew their attention, but one look at the girl and they shrugged it off. "So much for caring," he mumbled.

The door to inside was already opened, and they slipped in as carefully as possible. Her slumped body definitely didn't make any of it easier. Rolling his eyes, Adrien swept his arms under her legs as soon as he reached the bottom step. "Princess, you're gonna be the death of me." A smile stretched on her face. Oh, that little devil knew exactly what she was doing.

"Can I just sleep in your room tonight?" Marinette's head lolled. He knew this stage. He knew this stage _extremely _well. This stage could have caused a lot of trouble for him back in the past if he hadn't stopped it. Adrien shook his head and adjusted her. "Remember the last time you slept in my room drunk?"

"Yeah, and it was worth it."

He stopped. Drunk Marinette, while often out of her mind, was also the most truthful version of herself. If he ever wanted information out of her, he'd just get her drunk. But that's never how he'd wanted it. If she wanted to tell him, then let her tell him _without _the help. Even if it would be practically impossible otherwise.

"Marinette Elise Dupain-Cheng, are you saying that you liked seducing me?" Adrien decided that acting 'Chat-like' was probably the best way out of this situation. Her head bobbed as her body snuggled closer. She booped his nose. "Adrien Caine Agreste, I would be lying if I said I didn't." The heat that flooded to his cheeks was unbearable, and he had to force himself to keep walking. Marinette wanted to seduce him. Marinette _wanted _to seduce him. _Marinette wanted to seduce me!_ His grin started out slow. This girl, this very girl he had been trying to make fall for him like he fell for her, wanted him as well. There was the high possibility that she just wanted some release, but Adrien let himself think that it was the former. With his grin intact, he continued to make his way down to his room.

Being the captain very well had its perks. A larger room with a larger bed, a desk near the window of the room, a large dresser for all his (and some of Marinette's) clothes. Hell, it even had it's own computer built into the wall. The other rooms only had a communication device. This one could monitor any enemy from miles away, making it easier to command his crew in case he was injured or unable to leave his room. The captain quit observing his room and carried the girl to his bed. Immediately, her hands flew to her corset. "Damn this _must _come off _this instant."_ She couldn't get the first clasp undone. Or the second. Or the third. All of them gave her great difficulty.

Laughing gently, Adrien moved her hands away from the clasps and did it for, letting the corset fall to the bed when he was done. She sighed in relief. "I hate those things."

"Yes, I know."

She wiggled over to the other side of the bed and patted the mattress. "Sleep," she told him before curling into a ball. Her eyes watched him as he yanked off his shirt. If it was anyone else, he'd be embarrassed showing off the scars. Only three people in his life had seen them: Marinette (obviously), Juleka, the ship's doctor, and the one who gave him them. His father.

He wasn't an abusive man most of the time. But there were times where his anger had gotten the best of him, and Adrien just so happened to be the nearest person to take it out on. He'd bullshit it and say that it had to do with something he did wrong, that he messed up on a speech or behaved improperly in front of the Empress of China, but Adrien knew that wasn't the case. Gabriel Agreste was just cold hearted.

"I have some, too, you know." Marinette said, causing him to jump. He looked at her. Of course she did. He'd seen them countless times. The worst was the one on her shoulder blade, jagged and too big from what the tiny little dagger should've caused. He blamed for that one. If he had been more careful, if he had seen the man, then she wouldn't have-

Her fingers were cold as she touched one on his back. That was for yawning too much. (A completely silly reason really.) He couldn't help the shiver that ran down his spine as she traced it. "Was this... Was this him?" She asked. Her question was answered from his silence. A memory of the belt slapping his skin came to the forefront of his mind. He could almost imagine her pout as she said, "I hate him. He's terrible. Doing this and that, ruling with an iron thumb. He's truly terrible."

Adrien turned around, taking her wrist in his hand. He raised an eyebrow. "I think you meant 'iron fist', my lady." His eyes dropped down to her arm, tracing the long scar she has there. That was from falling off a cliff and hitting her arm in the wrong place. He traced it. "At least you have scars that mean something. You got them from what you believe in." He noticed the way her skin was slightly darker than the scar. He noticed how she was swaying slightly. He noticed how her eyes started to flutter, how they were a little cloudy from drinking, how they get darker the more tired she was. Her brows furrowed as she took her hand away and instead placed them on his cheeks. She stared. "That's not true," she told him, her voice barely above a whisper. "You have those scars so others wouldn't. You have scars for those who shouldn't. Don't _ever_ say that your scars-that _you_-don't mean anything." She pokes his chest, her body starting to sag a little. "You mean a lot more than you think, Adrien."

He caught her before she fell. Smiling, the captain just shook his head and picked her up again. A groan escaped her as he sat her down on the bed, rolling her over. "You, Princess," he placed a kiss on her temple, "really will be the death of me someday."

The lights lowered with a press of a button. He can't sleep in complete darkness. There was just something about not being able to

see your enemy that got to him. Adrien sighed and closed his eyes. It's going to be a _long _day tomorrow.

* * *

><p>She never wanted to drink again. Though, knowing her, her next drink will probably happen within the next couple of weeks. (The crew tends to celebrate any victory they could get. Try as she must, Marinette was never able to refuse anything pushed her way. It was a habit she desperately needed to break. Last night was an exception as they were saying goodbye to the ship.)<p>

"What time is it?" she muttered. Through her haziness, she managed to register the fact that she had (yet again) slept in Adrien's room. It was closer to the cockpit, and if she needed to get there quickly, she could just sprint a couple feet before taking off. That's the only reason why she kept sleeping with him. At least, that's what she told herself.

Adrien moaned and snuggled closer to her. Sleepy Adrien was a cuddly Adrien. "Close to seven." He whispered to her. "We should get everything out. Belongings and everything." She tapped his forehead before rubbing her eyes. "We need to _buy _a ship before we do anything that drastic. Can you imagine ChloÃ©'s reaction if we told her to shove all of her shit back onto the ship?"

"I don't want to. The horrors it would bring. I would have nightmares for weeks." His breath was on her neck, reminding her that she still had her hair up from the day before. Too tired to move her arms again, she moved her head slightly so that she could look at him. He had his eyes closed to her. His beautiful, radiant green eyes that reminded her of the countryside her parents would take her to when she was little. They were always shining whenever he talked about anything having to do with physics, the one thing she just couldn't wrap her mind around. They made her smile when she was doubtful and calmed her when she was panicking. She smiled. "Take down my hair please?"

One brow rose as he opened his, doing a quick scan of her face before closing again. She heard him sigh. Adjusting so that he could get to her hair, Marinette closed her eyes again and smiled wider when he started to undo her bun. Sleeping with it that way made her long hair curly. She hummed as he started to untangle it with his fingers. There were the times that she considered cutting it-it was a burden when she needed to get out of a tight situation and it would get in her eyes-but then he wouldn't be able to do this, and that was something she wasn't willing to give up just yet. Her body moved closer to his so that her back was against his chest. She knew that he was smiling too; he was always happy to play with her hair. Secretly, Marinette was also happy.

"Ten bucks Alya is going to walk in in less than ten minutes," she said. His chest vibrated as he laughed. "Fifteen that it's five."

"Deal. Time?"

She felt the bed shift as he checked the clock. "Seven-fifteen. Time's up at Seven-twenty-five."

Marinette's smile turned into a smirk. If she was half as hammered as Marinette was last night, it'd take longer for her to reach the bedroom. There was also a high possibility that she and Nino had a bit of fun. This crew didn't have a high tolerance just yet. (Except for Rose, surprisingly. The small girl had a lot of secrets that no one knew, and they were just at the tip of the iceberg.)

"Do you think he'll come?" Adrien whispered, his hand moving to brush her bangs away from her throbbing forehead. Her hair tickled when it fell back into place. Marinette scrunched her brows. "Who?" She asked. The captain leaned onto his arm, and she grudgingly moved so that she could look at him without that awkward double chin. His eyes never met hers, instead moving across her face slowly. They shifted down to her neck, then her shoulder, staying there as they turned a little sorrowful. _It's not your fault,_ she wanted to say, but she was also curious about this guy he was talking about. Someone they met, someone reason. She just couldn't place it for the life of her.

Adrien's fingers grazed the scar ever so slightly. "Nathaniël. He's supposed to tell us his answer today." His brow furrowed as he started to trace it. She moved her gaze from his face to his neck then to his exposed chest. He had several scars. The result from throwing himself into danger thousands of times. "Of course he would," she looked back to his face. "He'd have to be a fool to not. He knows that we could easily hunt him down if he did something absolutely _pawful." _

He moved his fingers away from her chest as a small smile broke his somber face. Eyes became bright again at her pun. "My lady, did you just _pun?" _Her hand pushed his face away, but he pushed back, placing a small kiss on her palm to shake her up. It worked. She quickly retracted her hand as her eyes widened and cheeks reddened. "D-Don't get it used. I mean used get. I-I mean... uh..." She moaned and rolled onto her stomach to bury her face into her pillow. Adrien laughed. His fingers brushed the hair away before leaned down. The pilot tried to stop the shiver his breath brought. His nose nudged against her neck. "Nervous, princess?" There were no words to describe how much she hated that Chat smugness at the moment.

Her shirt was riding up from his hand drawing lazy circles on her hip. He gently kissed the exposed skin, making his way to the soft spot near her ear. "Tell me to stop," he whispered. Eyes fluttering, breath hitching, Marinette turned back to him slightly to shake her head. "Don't." She whispered, and he smiled before leaning closer. Their noses touched. Somehow, his hand moved up closer to her breasts. A little nudge before, "Okay."

They jumped away before Alya could fully swing the door open. She stormed in, red hair tussled in various ways and lips turned in a slight scowl. Obviously, something had interrupted her morning fun by the way her clothes looked like they were hastily thrown on. Gazes locked, and a finger pointed at the two. "We'll talk about whatever is going on between you two later," no shame was evident on her face as she said this. "There's some tomato head waiting to talk to the captain and pretty lady." She turned to go but stopped to throw a "Put a shirt on, Cap," over her shoulder.

Hastily, Adrien jumped off of the bed and threw on a random shirt. She looked down at her pants. Of course, her drunken self didn't

really think about changing pants (or taking them off for that matter), so she slept in exactly what she wore yesterday. Her eyes moved to his armoire, and her brow rose. Perfect, she thought as she climbed off. He wasn't looking at her, instead trying to figure out where he tossed his gun last night. (It wasn't the first time he lost it, and it most certainly won't be the last.)

"I'm taking one of your shirts," she said before swiftly unbuttoning hers. He barely looks at her, just nodding and continuing to look for his gun. But then his head shot up, and his eyes were wide, and he was motionless as she searched for the right shirt. Out of the corner of her eyes, she could see him blush, completely forgetting the task at hand. She smirked. She couldn't wait to see his reaction when she actually has one of his shirts on. That would be a sight to see.

Adrien, still red faced and extremely embarrassed, spun around from her and locked his eyes on his staff. She'd wondered where that went. "Y-yeah," he stuttered. "G-go ahead. I don't care. Take which ever. Hey, I'm gonna go ahead and greet Nathaniël. Come whenever you're dressed." Then he bolted out of the room.

The door closed with a thunk, and she giggled into the random shirt she just grabbed. Seeing her captain flustered always made her a bit fuzzy, a feeling that she reveled in whenever she got the chance. And she got that chance many, many times. Marinette shrugged off the rest of her shirt before tossing on his and tucking it in loosely. He kept most of his shirts loose so he could move around easily. It benefitted her as well whenever she borrowed (stole) one of them. Marinette rolled up the sleeves, smiling, before walking out of his room. Most of the crew was up now and flitting between their stations, the kitchen, and Juleka's cabin. Most of them had been drinking way before the legal drinking age of eighteen, but some still can't hold their liquor as well as others. It was a funny notion to her. Pirates that could barely stand drinking like others.

"Nath!" Adrien's voice shocked her out of her thoughts. She could practically hear the smile from here. "You came! I was beginning to worry."

She saw him wrap an arm around the red head as she rounded the corner. His eyes were bright with the idea of a new crew member. Everyone was greeted like this. Arm thrown over their shoulder, large smile, and a little 'I was beginning to worry!' because he was. He always worried. There were the days where he'd worry so much that she wished that she could take away all that worry and just bottle and lock it up.

Nathaniël's turquoise eyes scan the tiny crowd that came to greet him. They land on Rose in all her pink glory before widening at the assortment of weapons she had strapped to her. His jaw went slacked. "Rose? This is where you disappeared to?" He blinked as if he could make her disappear, but she was still there. The blonde grinned, running up to him and grabbing his hands. "Nathaniël! Juleka and I were so worried! We thought that evil Madame Dubois got a hold of you and forced you to clean her chimneys! Or worse," she leaned forward and put a hand to her mouth, "draw a picture of her. Naked."

Both shuddered visibly. "Don't worry, Rose." He gave a small smile.

"I was adopted by an English couple when I was ten. I've been here ever since." He scanned the weapons on her, and Marinette wondered why he was so suspicious of it. For as long as she'd known the girl, there was not a day that she never had one on her. Her friend didn't seem to think so. "What's this? Last I checked, you couldn't harm a fly."

Rose puffed up her cheeks. Her slanted eyes glanced down to one of the two guns on her waist. "I'm the weapons specialist on this ship." Her hands went to her waist as she straightened up to her full height, her head tipping up. Marinette couldn't help feel a little prideful of the girl. "I know everything there is to know about any kind you need. My adoptive parents were the inventor of this baby." She proudly patted the metal contraption on her back. It was large-half the size of the blonde girl-and on both ends had two prongs pointing into each other. The pilot knew exactly what it was: an overgrown taser.

"Well," Alya cut in, her brown arms draping over Nathaniël's shoulder to bring him further into the ship. She quirked a brow up. "I hate to interrupt, but I figured that I'd tell ya righ' now that ya shuhn't get to cozy. We buyin' a new ship today. Sellin' this for scraps and usin' the money for more stuff. _But _I'll show ya aroun' to the crew righ' now. That over there is..." Her voice trailed off as she dragged the boy to some random location. From where she was, the pilot saw her grip tighten when he tried to duck away. She laughed at the sight.

"I take it you and Nath know each other?"

Marinette looked over to the two blondes. Rose was still pouting, her cheeks slightly red and her arms tugging at the ruffled skirt. Her garters connected to both her skirt and her laced socks. Yet another girl Marinette was jealous of in looks. Another that could attract more than her fair share of people. She watched as the girl nodded. "Yeah. Jules, Nathaniël, and I were all in the orphanage together. Madame Dubois's Silver Creek Orphanage. Or, as we called it, the home for the unlucky children." She messed with the bullets on her wrist. Adrien cocked his head, his hands going into his pockets. The sound of several other bullets hitting each other echoed through the almost empty hall as she shifted awkwardly. "He was adopted before me and Jules and was moved to London. I managed to be put with a lovely family. Jules got lucky and landed an apprenticeship at a doctor's office in Venice. I'm not quite sure how, but she found me after quickly finishing it up. Top of her class, too!

"We somehow wound up in Spain trying to get away from the Spanish authorities. That's how you found us," she finished with a small smile. Their captain smiled back, leaning on the metal wall with his arms crossed and one leg propped against it. She loved the way his eyes softened at the story. She could tell that it struck something in him. It wasn't everyday that one of them revealed a piece of their past. Adrien and herself barely scratched each other's surface as well.

He swiped at his nose. "At least all of your are reunited now. That's a good thing." She laughed. Balancing on her toes, Rose tucks her hands behind her back and grins. Her light and airy feel was back. "Yes, I guess it is. I'd better get back to Nino. Don't want him blowing us all up now do we?" She salutes before turning to the

direction she said she was going.

"You're entirely subtle you know?"

Marinette jumped. Her captain was smirking at her. He was still in his easy pose and was looking at her lazily. It was clear he was still tired. Raising one hand, he motioned with a finger to come to him. "Never thought Nath and Rose would know each other. But I guess it makes things easier," he closed his eyes.

She walked towards him with her hands folded in front of her. "He'll settle faster that way. I know how hard it is to adjust from one thing to another." A shout from down the hall drew her attention away from him briefly. Kim and Max. It was obvious that the former harbored some feelings for the other, but he never acted upon it when his friend started something with Alix. _It must be hard for him_, she thought, _to hide your attraction for someone for so long._ Quickly, fleetingly, she glanced at Adrien before settling back onto the two boys. "They're doing it again."

"I know. I question who it is that Kim's _really_ _dating," he joked as he watched as well. His eyes were soft as he looked at her. "I guess that's why we call him 'Cupid'."

"_Dark_ Cupid, kitty. He has a knack for ruining his relationships." She flicked the golden key around his neck. Two wings were attached to it. Marinette had always admired the necklace, and she had considered asking him for it. Except, it was his mother's, and she'd never ask something like that from him.

Adrien pushed off of the wall and grabbed his gloves out from his back pocket. He pulled them on. "Well, my lady," green eyes pierced hers in a mischievous fashion, "ready to go get us a new home?"

Her hand went up to her hair and twisted it. She smirked. "Let's do this."

* * *

><p>As a pilot, it's hard to let go of your first ship. But Marinette couldn't help but be in awe at the new one and just wanted to fly it right away. It was shining and beautiful and possibly one of the best things that Adrien had ever considered buying. Long, large enough for all the crew but not big enough to be a military ship, and it definitely had the charm of a pirate's home. Unfortunately, it only had enough rooms for an eight member crew. Chloë-yes, Chloë-came up with the idea that people should share a room with someone and use the other two for spare or hostages that had been taken aboard. Marinette had been shocked that she came up with it but eventually began to see how it would be a good idea. The only problem was who would room with room.<p>

"Well, me and Nino will take a room. Save us sometime, if you know what I mean," Alya whispered the last part to Marinette, whom blushed before quickly saying, "I-I think y-y-you mean 'Nino and I'."

It was a no-brainer that Rose and Juleka would share, along with Chloë and Sabrina. Max had offered to share with a skittish Nathaniël. Kim and Alix had disappeared at some point, leaving Marinette to assume that they left during the deciding to scope out

their room before anyone else. That left her and Adrien, though the rest of the crew seemed shocked when they expressed that they really had no intentions of sharing.

"What do ya mean ya weren't gonna share?" Nino said, his arm slung carelessly around Alya's waist. His goggles were pushed up. "Ya guys have been doing since before any o' us got on board. Why woul'n ya share?"

Adrien's eyes widened as he turned slightly pink. To her, it was obvious that he hadn't thought about it. The captain never shares a room with a crew member. In any other case, one of the groups would have three to a room. The Miraculous Pirates didn't seem think so. This was just a chance for them to play matchmakers (yet again).

"We... share?" Adrien had said. He wasn't really looking for an answer_ that_ much was obvious. Their faces were a matching pink as they looked at each other. Slowly, his grin broke out. "It would be impawsible for me to decline that clawfur!" He cringed when she hit his arm. "Meowch, my lady! That hurt!"

"Good," was her short response.

"I guess that settles it then," he said, quickly switching topics. Marinette watched him as he waved at Plagg. The man noticed, took out his cigarette, and smashed it under his leather boot before walking over to them. Lazy eyes swam with boredom and cunning. "Takin' the ship, boy?" He asked, his hands going to the straps of his suspenders. Adrien smiled. "It's perfect."

"Those ain't the words I want to hear, and you know it."

The smile turned into a grin, which, in turn, shifted into a smirk. At that moment, she couldn't tell the difference between him and a cat. Hands reached out to shake the other as he told him, "We'll take it."

Plagg crossed his arms, eyes gleaming. "I knew you would. What're gonna name her?"

He pondered for a minute before looking at her. It was an instant connection, a thought shared between them without words. His nod at her gave her the permission to speak. "I think we're gonna keep the name. Can't be revolutionaries if people don't know what to look for."

The man just shook his head. "People gonna know you no matter what. You are the folks that are gonna save us after all." He moved his gaze across them all, scrutinizing and calculating each and everyone of them. "And folks remember them kinda people the best."

End
file.